

My Mother, My Strength!

My mother always reminds me of freshly baked breads. The feeling is so warm with a sweet fragrance. And I cannot help being drawn over just like a newly born baby. Despite this, the feeling I have for my mom is ever changing. She is like a rose, so tough and so beautiful. She teaches me all that she knows in what she thinks is the most appropriate time and way, raising me up to be a mature, sensible and strong-minded girl.

As I grew up, I became curious about child-bearing. I learned from books and movies that the process was very painful. Then I asked my mom whether she felt pains when she gave birth to me. Her face cutely turned red and said 'not at all' with blinking eyes. She told me that she was willing to bear the pains to have a lovely daughter like me. I was so moved that I could never forget her gentle, loving face.

She teaches in a vocational high school, which I would not like to tell others when I was young because she is more of a care-taker for those so-called bad students rather than a professional English teacher. However, she changed my minds with her great passion for her teaching career. Students in her school usually skip classes, addict themselves to the Internet, and have quarrels with parents and teachers. I cannot imagine how my mom deals with them, especially when she is the head teacher in charge of around 40 students like this. Surprisingly, those students adore my mom so much that they call her Mother Fan, which I am envy of.

They often visit our home and sometimes bring her flowers after graduation. One student even called my mom when she decided to attend a 'blind date' party. I am very confused at the beginning because those students are known for poor teacher-student relationships. Then I asked one of them. She told me that my mom was a wonderful teacher -- she never pushes students and she always give them useful life suggestions. It was then that I started to be proud of my mother for her 'special' teaching job.

My mom is also of super help when I encounter problems. I remember having nightmares at a very young age. No matter how late it was, she would go to my room, and hold me tight until I slept safe and sound again. When I was a school girl, she kept a close contact with my teachers. When I had troubles with studies, she never blamed me but gave me faith that I could keep up if I tried hard. She is also a wonderful cook. She takes care of me with great patience and cooks me different dishes every day. My mom is very thrifty in life. However, she is never mean when it comes to me. She is also incredibly far-sighted, sending me to participate in summer camps when I entered secondary school, which made me very independent. Now that I am in university and far away from her, she can no longer take care of me. Instead she gives me constructive advice when necessary. For example, when I had my first boyfriend, she taught me not to depend on him too much and keep my own social circles. My boyfriend joined the exchange program this year and it turned out that I could live comfortably without him, which is largely thanks to my mother's suggestion.

'Mama is the dearest person to you in the world', just as the old song goes. My mom is the dearest person to me and I admire her because of her patience, compassion and toughness.